

I Fasten a Bracelet

New Yorker's Odd Adventures With a "Badge of Slavery"

By David Potter

(Copyright, 1914, by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

CHAPTER XI.
(Continued.)

We Talk of Sumatra.

HE Datto of Larang

—Medac was his name

—had a big bamboo

stockade on the river. I

met Tawa there—at the

old fellow gave me. His

eyes waited on us—he had three or

four regular ones. They aren't very

big Mohammedans and don't make

much about their women going about

stuffed and all that. Old Medac had

a dozen sons but only one daughter

—he was immensely proud of her.

"That was Tawa?"

"Yes. She didn't wait on us, but

she came in, unveiled, when the meal

was half over, and sat down on the

mat between her father and me.

"The old man made her feed me sweet-

ness out of a brass jar."

"Was she pretty?"

"Yes, a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

was a Sumatran, yes, very—she

THE MIGHTY HUNTER

Copyright, 1914,
by The New York Evening World.

By Robert Minor



The Hunter in the Forest.

"I don't say it doesn't."

"The scapegrace son of the family

dogging in and out of a country girl's

cottage. Furthermore, he declares he

has married the country girl."

"It's true."

"I believe you. Well, I'm interest-

ed, and if you ask me why I'll tell

you. His lips barely framed the word.

"Because you helped to persuade

your wife to try to burglarize my

room last night. Do you wonder I'm

interested?"

He had seen what was coming, so

could turn no paler than he was.

"Never mind," I continued. "I'm

quite capable of taking care of my-

self. Let all that go. Ned, I've never

heard of it, but you've evidently been

down on your luck for a while—your

looks tell me that. What's the matter,

man? You can't be thirty yet."

"Twenty-seven," muttered the other.

"How far down are you?" I de-

manded. "And how did it happen?"

He gave a short laugh. "Oh, I'm

not kidding. It happened as it always

does. I suppose—because a man's a

fool. I was, at any rate."

"But how?"

"Do you really want to know? Well,

after I left Yale—dred in my sopho-

more year, you know—I tried stocks

a little—with Sheephead and Graves-

and Saratoga on the side. The same

old story. From that it was

only a step to Haly's and Danfield's—

one of Ned's friends, a chap named

Beauchamp, first started me there."

"I know him."

"Here's a smooth article, isn't he?"

But if it hadn't been Beauchamp it

would have been somebody else for

me—I'm not kidding. Everywhere—

Wall Street and all—I kept on

losing."

"You did?"

"You see, I was supposed to be a

business man—I had the greater part

of Ned's and mother's money in my

charge. He drew a long breath, and

went on painfully. "It went—then

the wall-grooved, and I was expected

to man the situation beyond all com-

Next Week's Complete Novel in THE EVENING WORLD.

What Will People Say?

By Rupert Hughes

This Book on the Stands Will Cost You \$1.25. You Get It for 6 Cents.

and made him get out his car to go

for the doctor. Isn't that so?"

"Yes. Rex was already down with

typhoid and—"

"I mean that explains my excite-

ment that night."

"But then you were almost the

only mourner at the funeral—at

any rate, so I've heard—you and old

Mr. Willett."

"I helped him carry the

coffin."

"And you placed five thousand dol-

lars to Willett's account in the Ban-

knock National Bank—after the fu-

neral. Gen. Beauchamp, is director,

you know," he explained ingenuously.

"Ellen Sutphen learned all this—

and believed the worst."

"How could she help it? We all

did."

"You all do?" I demanded.

"He moved uneasily. "I suppose so."

To his amazement and, I think,

to his horror, I burst out laughing.

"Thanks for your frankness, Aleck."

I wish some one had been as frank

four years ago. You've explained

several things to me. Look after

your friend, Beauchamp—it's in need

of kind treatment, I fancy. Much

obliged to you. Goodbye. I'll be

going."

I laughed again and turned away,

leaving Aleck staring after me un-

derstanding me, he thought me mad. For the moment,

perhaps I was.

CHAPTER XIII.

Over a Grave.

FROM the corner of the stone

wall, where I had left Aleck

Westbrook and Beauchamp,

to the line of evergreens

that marked the point where

my route diverged toward "Red Ce-

dars" was fully 400 yards. I covered

the distance rapidly, my mind in an

angry mood. Now and then I felt

the knuckles of my right hand with in-

stant satisfaction.

When the evergreens started stark

before me I came to a halt, seized by

a sudden impulse. I glanced back

along the wall—Aleck was huddled

in the Englishman to his feet. Neither's

eyes were for me. I shouldered aside

the low trees and stood in the grave-

yard.

In the far corner, screened by its

own line of evergreens, slept the one

whose grave I had come to see once

more. I sought the spot, picking my

way across the memorials, my feet

broken stumbling now and then over

rusty tombstones hidden in the

weeds and grass.

A woman was arranging some

flowers on the grave by which she

knelt. At the sound of my footsteps

she spoke without looking up. It was

Nora Westbrook.

"You—here?" she said.

"You know whose grave it is?"

"Of course."

I read aloud the words carved on

the stone where her hand rested.

"Katherine Weston, born Aug. 15,

1882—died Oct. 12, 1904. Just four

years ago to-day."

Her eyes were still fixed on the

scattered flowers, her hand

motionless as she sought to pick

up a petal. Her face was pale, her

eyes were fixed on the flowers, her

hand motionless as she sought to